GOLD KEY

10112-404

THE SCARECROW

STILL ONLY 12¢

WALT DISNEY'S

THE SCARECROW

of ROMNEY MARSH

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He rides the marshes like a demon ghost,
striking terror into the hearts of evil men throughout the land!

THE SCARECROW

The reward for the Scarecrow's arrest becomes a concern for the vicar of Dymchurch.

But the Scarecrow shrugs off the threat as he fights for the rights of oppressed men.

Desperate men and escaped prisoners find a place of refuge in the vicar's church . . .

And the King's servicemen find no escape from the Scarecrow and his ghostly cohorts.

A young soldier, in love, discovers that he has a choice to make regarding the truth.

And the Scarecrow plays an important part in the soldier's sudden decision.

Walt Disney's

THE SCARECROW

"ON THE SOUTHERN COAST OF ENGLAND
THERE'S A LEGEND PEOPLE TELL,
OF DAYS LONG AGO WHEN THE GREAT SCARECROW
WOULD RIDE FROM THE JAWS OF HELL,
AND LAUGH WITH A FIENDISH YELL.
WITH HIS CLOTHES ALL TORN AND TATTERED,
THROUGH THE BLACK OF NIGHT HE'D RIDE..."

HEE-HEE-HA-HAEEE!

TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT WE TWEAK KING GEORGE'S NOSE!

REWARD
1000 POUNDS in GOLD
ALIVE or DEAD
The Notorious Smuggler
called the SCARECROW
or information leading
to the arrest of same.
by Order
MISSIONERS of CUSTOMS

"FROM THE MARSH TO THE COAST LIKE A DEMON GHOST,
HE'D ROB THE RICH THEN HIDE,
AND HE'D LAUGH TILL HE SPLIT HIS SIDE."

KEEP YOUR EYES STRETCHED, BEN, OR THE REVENUE MEN'LL STRETCH OUR NECKS! HEE-HEE-HA!

NOTHING FROM THE TOWER, SCARECROW! ALL CLEAR!

HURRY, OR I'LL LOSE THE TIDE!

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"HE WOULD ALWAYS HELP THE FARMER WHEN THERE WAS NO GOLD TO BRING..."

THERE'S THE WHOLE CARGO, M'SIEUR SCARECROW!

HERE'S YOUR PAYMENT, CAPITAINE! MERCI A'VOUS!

"HE'D FIND A WAY FOR THE POOR TO PAY THE TAXES OF THE KING, WITH GOLD FROM A SMUGGLER'S RING."

HORSEMEN! ON THE SEA ROAD, SCARECROW! EXCISEMEN!

DOUSE YOUR LIGHTS AND GO! YOU ALL KNOW YOUR ORDERS!

"SO THE KING TOLD ALL HIS SOLDIERS,
HANG HIM HIGH OR HANG HIM LOW;
BUT NEVER RETURN TILL THE DAY I LEARN,
HE RIDES IN FLAMES BELOW,
OR YOU'LL HANG WITH THE GREAT SCARECROW!..

THE SOLDIERS OF THE KING FEARED HIS NAME;
THE COUNTRY FOLK LOVED HIM JUST THE SAME..."

COME, CURLEW, HELLSPITE! WE'LL DRAW THEM AWAY FROM OUR FRIENDS ON THE BEACH! *HEE-HEE-HA-HAEEE!*

BLAM!

IT'S HIM! THE SCARECROW! AFTER HIM!

THEY'RE MILES FROM WHERE OUR LADS SHOULD BE BY NOW!

IT'S THE REWARD FOR YOUR CAPTURE THEY WERE AFTER, SIR—NOT THE CONTRABAND WE LANDED!

SOMETIME LATER, AT THE VICARAGE OF DYMCHURCH...

A FINE NIGHT'S WORK, LADS! THE PEOPLE OF THE PARISH CAN NOW LIVE, CLOTHE THEMSELVES AND PAY THEIR TAXES IN A COUNTRYSIDE BLED WHITE BY THE KING'S PARLIAMENT!

THANKS TO YOU, DR. SYN! BUT THE PEOPLE KNOW YOU AS THE VICAR, NOT AS THE SCARECROW! WHY DO YOU GO ON TAKING THESE CHANCES?

BECAUSE UNJUST LAWS CAN BE RIGHTED AS WELL AS MADE! MEN ROBBED OF THEIR INDEPENDENCE MUST FIGHT BACK HOW THEY CAN!

AS YOU HAVE SAID, VICAR, "FAITH CAN MOVE MOUNTAINS!"

AYE, YOUNG JOHN! NOW, HOME WITH YOU...AND MY RESPECTS TO YOUR FATHER, SIR THOMAS BANKS!

THANK YOU, VICAR! G'NITE, G'NITE, MIPPS!

SIXTY-EIGHT KEGS OF BRANDY...NINETEEN BALES OF SILK! NEXT, IT'S THE DUTCHMAN'S TURN TO DELIVER!

WHAT'S THAT NOISE OUTSIDE? I'D BETTER LOOK!

TAP!

WHAT'S THIS? WHO ARE YOU, STRANGER?

SIMON BATES, SIR! MOTHER HATHAWAY SENT ME—THE TROOPS ARE OUT SEARCHING FOR ME!

WHY? WHAT HAVE YOU DONE? YOU'RE AN AMERICAN, ARE YOU NOT?

YESSIR! I'VE BEEN BRANDED "TRAITOR" AND SENTENCED TO DEATH— FOR TALKING SEDITION! ALL I WANT IS FREEDOM FOR THE COLONIES OF AMERICA!

TAKE HIM TO MRS. WAGGETT'S INN, MIPPS! SHE'LL HIDE HIM TILL THE COAST IS CLEAR!

TAKE THIS, THEN, SIR! I STOLE IT IN MY ESCAPE! IT CONCERNS A MAN CALLED THE SCARECROW!

I WAS GOING TO TRADE IT TO HIM— IN THE HOPE THAT HE'D HELP ME, IN EXCHANGE!

FROM ALL I HEAR, YOU'D NEVER FIND HIM! TOO MANY HAVE TRIED AND FAILED, MR. BATES!

AYE, HE'S LIKE THE DEVIL HIMSELF, THEY SAY, BATES!

HMM...FROM GENERAL PLUGH..." DISPATCH OF TROOPS...SUBJUGATE THE WHOLE AREA OF THE MARSHES WITH WHATEVER MEANS REQUIRED..."

THE NEXT DAY, AT THE HOME OF SIR THOMAS BANKS, THE SQUIRE AND LANDLORD OF DYMCHURCH...

I'M A BLUNT MAN, SIR THOMAS! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE THE LAW HERE, AND THE LAW IS BEING FLOUTED! REVOLUTIONARIES AND SMUGGLERS WALKING THE ROADS! AND IN YOUR PARISH, TOO, PARSON! FROM NOW ON, I WILL DISPENSE A *HARSH BRAND OF JUSTICE!*

I DON'T CARE FOR YOUR MANNER, GENERAL PLUGH! WHAT MEANS DO YOU INTEND TO USE?

THE NAVY NEEDS SAILORS! I HAVE ASKED FOR THE PRESS-GANGS TO COME AND HELP THEMSELVES HERE, IN THE KING'S NAME! AND NONE TOO GENTLY!

THE PRESS-GANGS! DON'T DARE TO MENTION THOSE BLACKGUARDS IN THIS HOUSE!

IN FACT, SIR, I HAVE HAD ALL OF YOUR TALK THAT I CAN STOMACH! GOOD DAY TO YOU!

WELL, WHAT HAVE I SAID WRONG?

MY BROTHER, HARRY, WAS *PRESS-GANGED,* SIR... CLUBBED AND DRAGGED AWAY TO SEA!

AND NO WORD OF HIM FOR FOUR YEARS! NOW, CAN YOU UNDERSTAND MY FATHER'S FEELINGS, GENERAL PUGH?

THE NAVY NEEDS MEN! I AM UNDER WRITTEN ORDERS! GOOD DAY! COME ALONG, MR. BRACKENBURY!

YES, SIR! GOOD DAY, KATE, VICAR... YOUNG JOHN...

THE NEXT DAY, THE VICAR ADDRESSES HIS FLOCK IN THE PARISH CHURCH...

THE REASON FOR THIS SPECIAL SERVICE IS TO INFORM YOU THAT OUR SQUIRE AND LANDLORD, SIR THOMAS, HAS DECLARED A TWO-DAY PUBLIC HOLIDAY AND...

AFTER HIM! GET THAT MAN!

BEN AND OTHERS OF THE SCARECROW'S MEN MAKE A QUICK SEARCH...

HE'S VANISHED, LIKE A GHOST!

THERE IS A NOTE ON THIS KNIFE!

IT'S FROM THE SCARECROW! "I ORDER EVERY ABLE-BODIED MAN TO LEAVE THE TOWN FORTHWITH AND HIDE HIMSELF IN THE MARSHES! THE NAVAL PRESS-GANG IS ON THE WAY! HIDE IF YOU LOVE YOUR WIVES, YOUR FREEDOM!"

ALL THE YOUNG MEN OF THE CONGREGATION TAKE QUICK HEED OF THE SCARECROW'S WARNING...

VICAR! STOP THEM!

LET IT BE ON THEIR CONSCIENCE! I COMMAND NO MAN! GOD SAVE THE KING!

SOON, THE PRESS-GANG, UNDER THE COMMAND OF PETTY OFFICER, STUBBARD, ARRIVES...

WHAT'S THIS? CHURCH ON A WEDNESDAY? OLD MEN, WOMEN, BRATS? THERE'S NOT A MAN HERE UNDER SIXTY!

THERE'S SOME TRICK GOING ON, CHIEF! MAYBE THEY KNEW WE WERE COMING TO PRESS MEN FOR KING GEORGE'S NAVY!

I'VE GOT A FREE HAND HERE TO SCRAG EVERY MAN JACK IN THE PLACE—UNLESS ONE OF YOU TELLS US HOW TO GET OUR HANDS ON THE SCARECROW!

WE'RE DROPPING ANCHOR AT THE INN! A THOUSAND POUNDS IN GOLD FOR THE INFORMATION! IF WE *DON'T* GET IT, WE'LL HUNT DOWN YOUR YOUNG MEN, AND IT WON'T BE GENTLE!

YOU INSOLENT DOG!

FOLLOW THEM, MIPPS! KEEP YOUR EYES AND EARS OPEN TO EVERYTHING THEY DO!

AYE, DR. SYN!

LATER THAT DAY, IN DR. SYN'S STUDY...

VICAR! THE PRESS-GANG BLACKJACKED YOUNG JOE HADLEY! THEY CAUGHT HIM HIDING! HE'S IN PRISON!

THEN WE MUST SEE THAT HE IS SET FREE! HIS WIFE AND FAMILY NEED HIM!

GET BACK TO STUBBARD! USE YOUR "CRIPPLE" DISGUISE! TELL HIM YOU KNOW WHERE THE SCARECROW AND HIS MEN MEET! THEN, JUST MAYBE, WE'LL HAVE A SURPRISE FOR HIM AND HIS PRESS-GANG!

PETTY OFFICER STUBBARD FALLS FOR THE RUSE...

Y'LL SHARE A GOLDEN POUND WITH ME IF YE TAKE THE SCARECROW, HEY?

IF? THERE'S NO *IF* ABOUT IT, MATEY! YOU SAY THEY MEET AT GIBBET CORNER, EH?

THAT NIGHT, ON THE MARSHES AT GIBBET CORNER, STUBBARD AND THE PRESS-GANG, THINKING TO SURPRISE THE SCARECROW, ARE SURPRISED THEMSELVES...

AIEE! IT'S THE SCARECROW!

HE *IS* A GHOST!

HE'S SOLID FLESH! UP, MY HEARTIES!

HA-HA-HEEEEEE!

COME ON, LADS! GET HIM! TAKE HIM ALIVE AND WE'RE RICH!

BLAM!

EASIER SAID THAN DONE, SAILOR BOY! HEE-HEE-HA!

THUNK!

WITH THEIR LEADER UNCONSCIOUS, THE PRESS-GANG SURRENDERS...

YOU'LL HANG FOR THIS! WE'RE THE KING'S MEN!

THE KING'S VULTURES, YOU MEAN! TAKE THEM! TIE THEM AND BLINDFOLD THEM! WE WILL HOLD THEM TO MAKE A TRADE! BRING ME THEIR DRUMMER BOY!

YOU, MY BRAVE LAD, WILL BE RELEASED TO TAKE A MESSAGE TO GENERAL PUGH! BE QUICK ABOUT IT!

AYE, SIR!

AS FOR YOU OTHERS, YOU'LL BE TREATED BETTER THAN THE POOR DEVILS YOU DRAG ABOARD SHIP TO SERVE THE KING! JUST HOPE THAT GENERAL PUGH VALUES YOUR LIVES!

LATER, AT GENERAL PUGH'S QUARTERS...

"DELIVER HADLEY—THE MAN THE PRESS-GANG TOOK—TO THE BEACH AT SMUGGLERS' COVE, TONIGHT, AND I WILL EXCHANGE THE PRISONERS FOR HIM!"

HE'S A DEVIL, SIR! HE'LL KILL PETTY OFFICER STUBBARD FOR SURE—AND ALL OF THEM!

IT'S BLACKMAIL! I'LL HANG THREE MEN OF DYMCHURCH FOR EVERY LIFE THIS MADMAN TAKES, MR. BRACKENBURY!

THAT WON'T BRING THE PRESS-GANG BACK TO LIFE, SIR!

"THE KING EXCHANGING PRISONERS WITH A ROGUE IS IT? VERY WELL, I'LL AGREE!

YOU'LL *AGREE*, SIR?

OH, YES... BUT I PROMISE YOU THAT TONIGHT WILL BE THE *LAST TIME* THE SCARECROW AND HIS MEN WILL RIDE! I HAVE A PLAN...

THAT NIGHT, AT SMUGGLERS' COVE...

WE HAVE MEN POSTED ON ALL THE ESCAPE ROADS, GENERAL PUGH!

THERE MUST BE NO MISTAKES TONIGHT, MR. BRACKENBURY! I WANT THE SCARECROW TAKEN ALIVE! IF WE FAIL, THE KING WILL BE FURIOUS!

HADLEY, YOU STUBBORN FOOL! YOU'LL SOON SEE YOU MIGHT JUST AS WELL HAVE TALKED AND SAVED YOURSELF A BEATING!

I WOULD NEVER BETRAY THE SCARECROW! *NEVER!*

GENERAL, LOOK! IT'S THE SCARECROW!

THE FOOL! HE CAME ALONE! WHAT NERVE! NOW WE HAVE HIM!

BUT, SIR... THE PRESS-GANG!

FORGET THEM! IT'S THE SCARECROW I WANT! UP, LADS! READY YOUR MUSKETS!

SO IT'S TRICKS IS IT, GENERAL? BEFORE YOU CELEBRATE VICTORY I SUGGEST YOU LOOK BEHIND YOU!

WHA'...???

TWO CAN PLAY THE GAME, GENERAL!

THE SCARECROW'S MEN APPEAR BEHIND THE GENERAL'S SOLDIERS...

WE FIGHT NOW, LADS! FRONT RANK! READY...AIM...

RUN, HADLEY! HIDE YOURSELF IN THE MARSHES! WE WILL DEAL WITH THE KING'S MEN!

AND THE FIGHT IS ON...

FIRE!

THE SMOKE BOMBS, BOYS! LET THEM HAVE IT!

(COUGH...COUGH!) I...CAN'T SEE...

AFTER THEM! THE SCARECROW MUST NOT ESCAPE!

HEE-HEE-HA-HEEEE!

(COUGH...COUGH!) THE LAUGHING DEVIL! HE'S TRICKED US!

OUR MEN CAN'T SEE TO FIRE, GENERAL! (COUGH!)

OFF WE GO, LADS! WE HAVE HADLEY, AND THAT'S WHAT WE CAME FOR!

BLAST THE SCOUNDREL! HE LIED TO ME! WE HAVEN'T EVEN GOT HIS HOSTAGES!

GENERAL PUGH! LOOK AT THIS!

IT'S PETTY OFFICER STUBBARD! HE AND THE REST OF THE PRESS-GANG WERE IN THE KEGS ALL ALONG!

THAT DEVIL SCARECROW! HE'S NOT HUMAN! I'LL NOT REST UNTIL I SEE HIM HANGED!

AT WINDSOR CASTLE, KING GEORGE III IS FURIOUS AT WHAT HAS HAPPENED...

YOUR ORDERS WERE TO STAMP OUT THIS SMUGGLING! YET IN THE WEEKS YOU HAVE BEEN AT DYMCHURCH, IT HAS GROWN WORSE!

BUT, YOUR MAJESTY, I...

I DON'T WANT EXCUSES, PUGH, I WANT ***RESULTS!*** THIS SCARECROW IS MAKING A FOOL OF YOU... AND OF ***ME!*** I WILL GIVE YOU ANOTHER MONTH TO CAPTURE THIS SCOUNDREL—OR YOU LOSE YOUR COMMAND!

I WILL STAMP OUT THIS BUSINESS AND CATCH THE SCARECROW... I PROMISE!

SEE THAT YOU DO! ***ONE MONTH*** ...THAT'S ALL YOU HAVE!

THE NEXT DAY, AT THE HOME OF SIR THOMAS BANKS...

I WILL NOT TOLERATE YOUR TROOPS BURNING COTTAGES ON MY LAND... OR ANY OTHER OF THESE MEASURES YOU TALK ABOUT!

IT'S EITHER THAT OR YOU HELP ME ANOTHER WAY! I HAVE MY ***ORDERS!***

ANOTHER WAY?

THE MARSH PEOPLE SHARE EQUALLY THE PROCEEDS OF THESE SMUGGLING RUNS...: WHO AMONG YOUR TENANTS HAS BEEN BEHIND IN HIS RENTS —AND THEN SUDDENLY— PAID UP? TELL ME...WHO?

SIR THOMAS HAS NO CHOICE...

THERE'S ONE THAT COMES TO MIND... BAD FARMER, TOO! RANSLEY'S HIS NAME!

HE'LL DO FOR A START! ***SEND*** FOR HIM!

AND LATER...

YOU ANSWER ME, RANSLEY! HOW HAVE YOU SUDDENLY BEEN ABLE TO PAY YOUR RENT? *HOW?*

I-UH-I BEEN SELLING OFF MY SHEEP, SIR!

YOU PAID WITH SMUGGLER'S GOLD! YOU KNOW WHO I'M AFTER HERE—THE MAN WHO LEADS YOU—THE *SCARECROW!*

I-I SWEAR I DON'T KNOW HIM, SIR! I SWEAR IT!

THEN YOU'RE UNDER ARREST! I WILL NOT TOLERATE...

WAIT! I-I TOLD YOU I DIDN'T KNOW...BUT MAYBE I COULD *FIND OUT*, SIR! IF-IF YOU'LL GIVE ME A LITTLE TIME!

I'LL GIVE YOU FORTY-EIGHT HOURS! THAT'S ALL!

YES, SIR! I-I'LL DO MY BEST, SIR!

AS RANSLEY RUSHES AWAY...

JOE RANSLEY IS *TOO* ANXIOUS TO HELP GENERAL PUGH ... THE SCARECROW WOULD WANT ME TO KEEP MY EYES ON HIM!

AND SOON, JOHN'S OBSERVATIONS BRING RESULTS...

...NEAR BONNINGTON, THEY SAID —I CAN SHOW YOU ON THE MAP! THE SCARECROW AND HIS MEN WILL BE THERE!

HE'S TOLD THE GENERAL ABOUT TOMORROW'S RUN!

JOHN BANKS RUSHES TO DR. SYN WITH THE NEWS...

WHAT WILL YOU DO, SIR?

MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF RANSLEY, TO TEACH *ALL* THE SCARECROW'S MEN A LESSON...ONE TRAITOR IS ENOUGH TO GET US *ALL* HANGED!

AND THAT NIGHT...

ALL THE MEN WILL BE THERE?

EVERY ONE OF THEM! I TOLD 'EM THE BONNINGTON RUN WAS CANCELLED, BUT I DIDN'T SAY *WHY*...

A FEW MILES FROM RANSLEY'S FARM...

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE JUST IN TIME! OUR FRIEND RANSLEY IS ALL PACKED AND FLEEING THE COUNTRY...

THE SCARE-CROW!!

YOU'RE COMING WITH US, RANSLEY! YOU HAVE CHARGES TO ANSWER!

HE-HE-HA-HAAAEEE!

RANSLEY IS TAKEN TO AN OLD BARN...

WHY HAVE YOU BROUGHT ME HERE? I-I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING!

SILENCE, TRAITOR! THE COURT WILL DECIDE YOUR FATE!

THE TRAITOR FACES THE SCARECROW'S "COURT"...

THIS DOCUMENT READS: "I, THE UNDERSIGNED, WITNESSED THE ACCUSED RANSLEY'S CONVERSATION WITH GENERAL PUGH ON THE NIGHT OF THE 16TH DURING WHICH CONVERSATION HE AGREED TO TURN KING'S EVIDENCE AGAINST THE REST OF US ASSEMBLED HERE..."

NO! IT'S A LIE!

SILENCE! IT FURTHER STATES THAT YOU INFORMED GENERAL PUGH ON THE FOLLOWING NIGHT OF THE SMUGGLING RUN AT BONNINGTON...

WHAT KIND OF MAN WILL SELL HIS COMRADES TO THE HANGMAN, RANSLEY?

I-I HAD TO DO IT...

GENERAL PUGH THREATENED ME...HE *MADE* ME TELL HIM! IT WAS EITHER THAT OR GO TO PRISON!

TO FURTHER OUR CAUSE WE MUST HAVE LOYALTY AT ALL COSTS! WHAT SAY YOU? IS THE PRISONER GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?

RAP!

GUILTY!

GUILTY IT IS! THIS COURT SENTENCES YOU TO DIE ACCORDINGLY, YOU DOG!

NO!

COVER THE LANTERN, CURLEW! SPARE US HAVING TO SEE A TRAITOR DIE LIKE A COWARD, TOO!

THERE IS A MOMENT OF DARKNESS AND THEN, AS THE LANTERN IS AGAIN UNCOVERED...

JUSTICE HAS BEEN DONE! SO END ALL MEN WHO WOULD BETRAY THE SCARECROW AND THE PEOPLE OF THE MARSHES! ALL OF YOU NOW...GO HOME...AND REMEMBER MY JUSTICE!

AS THE MEN LEAVE...

QUICKLY! LOWER THE ROPE!

I—I THOUGHT...

HE'S JUST FAINTED, LAD! BUT IN THE EYES OF THE REST HE'S DEAD! I'LL REVIVE HIM AND SEND HIM ON HIS WAY!

HE'LL RUN FOR HIS LIFE, AND I'M *SURE* WE WON'T SEE RANSLEY AGAIN ...*EVER!* SO ENDS A TRAITOR...AND THE SCARECROW'S MEN WILL STILL RIDE THE MARSHES!

A FEW NIGHTS LATER, AT THE HOME OF SIR THOMAS BANKS...

GENERAL PUGH, SIR! SQUADRON SEARCHING THE MARSHES! ALL THE PRESS-GANGED MEN THAT JUMPED SHIP IN DOVER HAVE BEEN RECAPTURED... *EXCEPT ONE!* MAN WAS SEEN HEADING FOR DYMCHURCH AN HOUR AGO, SIR!

CARRY OUT A HOUSE-TO-HOUSE SEARCH, SERGEANT! *EVERY* HOUSE, YOU UNDERSTAND? *SPARE NO ONE!*

THIS IS THE CHANCE I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR— TO TURN THIS PLACE INSIDE OUT! I DON'T WONDER A DESERTER WOULD HEAD THIS WAY!

WHY, GENERAL?

BECAUSE YOUR PEOPLE HERE ARE LAWLESS! THEY SHIELD THIS SCARECROW AND HIS SMUGGLERS! AND IF I FIND ONE OF THEM HIDING A DESERTER, THERE'LL BE SOME *HANGING* HERE!

DR. SYN MAKES EXCUSES TO LEAVE...

IF THEY SEARCH EVERY HOUSE THEY'LL FIND MR. BATES, THE AMERICAN REBEL YOU'RE HIDING!

WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE HIM FIRST...

SUDDENLY...

LOOK THERE!

I KNOW YOU'RE HERE! WE'VE COME TO HELP, MAN, IF YOU'RE THE DESERTER! I'M DR. SYN, THE VICAR OF DYMCHURCH!

DR. SYN...

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT...ALL THESE YEARS...DON'T YOU KNOW HIM, JOHN? IT'S HARRY— YOUR BROTHER!

HARRY!

HARRY, COME IN THE HOUSE! FATHER'S THERE AND HE...

I CAN'T! THE SOLDIER'S THERE! I SAW THROUGH THE WINDOW,..

YOU MEAN...?

YOU HEARD GENERAL PUGH! THEY *HANG* DESERTERS FROM THE NAVY— IT'S HARRY THEY ARE LOOKING FOR...

AS JOHN ENTERS THE HOUSE TO GET HIS FATHER...

SIR, I—HAVE I YOUR PERMISSION TO...TO ASK FOR KATE'S HAND IN MARRIAGE?

YOU HAVE NOT! I DO NOT LIKE GENERAL PUGH OR WHAT HE STANDS FOR...AND *YOU* ARE *ONE OF HIS MEN!*

BUT, SIR...

FATHER— COME WITH ME QUICKLY...IT'S URGENT!

ARE YOU JUST GOING TO *STAND* THERE, PHILIP? FATHER ONLY RESPECTS PEOPLE WHO FIGHT BACK! IF YOU *REALLY* LOVE ME, YOU WON'T GIVE UP SO EASILY!

YOU'RE RIGHT! I'LL TALK TO HIM AGAIN... *RIGHT NOW!*

...

AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE BARN...

AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, HARRY! I THOUGHT—I THOUGHT YOU MUST BE DEAD!

ONLY HALF-DEAD, FATHER!

THESE ARE THE DECORATIONS I'VE WON IN THE KING'S SERVICE! *FOUR YEARS* OF LIVING LIKE A DOG!

OH, MY DEAR BOY... COME IN THE HOUSE...

NO, FATHER! PHILIP BLACKENBURY'S STILL THERE!

LEAVE THIS TO ME, SIR THOMAS! IF YOU KNOW NOTHING, YOU'LL NOT HAVE TO LIE ABOUT HARRY IF THE NAVY COMES HERE SEARCHING!

I'LL SEE YOU AS SOON AS I CAN, SON!

DON T WORRY! MY SEXTON, MIPPS, AND I WILL HANDLE THIS—JOHN, GO WITH YOUR FATHER!

AS SIR THOMAS AND JOHN EXIT...

GOOD-NIGHT, SIR!

!

YOU THINK HE HEARD OR SAW ANYTHING?

I DON'T KNOW, SIR— BUT WE'LL SOON FIND OUT IF HE DID! AND SO WILL DR. SYN...

PHILIP BRACKENBURY IS TORN BETWEEN HIS DUTY TO ARREST THE DESERTER AND HIS KNOWLEDGE THAT THE DESERTER IS KATE'S BROTHER...

I WISH I KNEW WHAT TO DO...

IN A CRYPT BENEATH THE PARISH CHURCH...

HARRY, THIS IS SIMON BATES—FROM AMERICA! HE HAS THE LAW AFTER HIM, TOO... FOR PREACHING SEDITION— FREEDOM FOR THE COLONIES!

GLAD TO KNOW YOU, BATES!

I BROUGHT FOOD, DR. SYN... WE MUSN'T WASTE TIME!

HARRY, YOU REMEMBER BROKEN BARN... ON THE MARSH? I WANT YOU TO TAKE BATES WITH YOU AND HIDE THERE TILL I SEND WORD!

YOU'RE TAKING A BIG CHANCE, SIR!

SO ARE YOU! NOW DON'T WORRY... UNDER THE THIRD BEAM THERE'S A TRAPDOOR TO AN UNDERGROUND STABLE, WHERE YOU'LL BE SAFE! KEEP UNDER COVER...

THANK YOU, SIR!

SOON, INSIDE THE BARN ON THE MARSH...

PSST! SOME-ONE'S COMING!

PUT UP YOUR HANDS!

IN THE MORNING, WE'RE TAKING YOU IN...

NEXT DAY, IN DYMCHURCH VILLAGE...

COME ALONG WITH YOU!

MIPPS! THAT'S MR. HARRY- SIR THOMAS'S SON!

GUNTH

WHAT'S THIS? WHO ARE THESE TWO?

WE CAUGHT THEM ON THE MARSHES!

TAKE 'EM BOTH TO DOVER CASTLE! THEY'RE GOIN' TO WISH THEY'D NEVER BEEN BORN!

LEARNING OF THE CAPTURE, DR. SYN PAYS A VISIT TO DOVER CASTLE...

LEAVE ALL THE TALKING TO ME... AND DON'T GIVE A SIGN OF RECOGNITION IF YOU SEE HARRY!

YES, SIR! I JUST HOPE GENERAL PUGH HASN'T FORCED THEM TO TALK...OR WE'RE *ALL* IN SERIOUS TROUBLE!

SOON...

WAKE UP! ON YOUR FEET! SHOW RESPECT TO THE CHAPLAIN, YOU DOGS!

KNEEL, BRETHREN, KNEEL! LIFT UP YOUR HEARTS, IN HOPE AND TRUST—THEN LET US PRAY!

MOMENTS LATER, DR. SYN'S "SERVICE" IS INTERRUPTED BY NAVAL PICKETS...

I WANT SIX MEN! COME ON, STEP LIVELY! WAVE YOUR MATES GOOD-BY, YOU DOGS! WE'RE GOING TO MAKE MEN OF YOU!

YOU THERE...ON YOUR FEET!

WHEN THE PICKETS HAVE DEPARTED...

I AM ABOUT TO CONDUCT A SERVICE, JAILER...LEAVE ME ALONE WITH THE PRISONERS...

IT'S NOT SAFE, YOUR REVERENCE... BUT IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT...

OH, HARRY...

THEY—THEY DIDN'T MAKE US TALK...

GET UP, JOHN...THERE'S NO TELLING WHEN THAT JAILER WILL RETURN... THE REST OF YOU KNEEL ...AND LISTEN CLOSELY...

DOES THE NAVAL PICKET JUST COME AND GO LIKE THAT — TO TAKE MEN TO THE SHIPS?

YES, SIR! WE NEVER KNOW WHEN!

I SEE! NOW, TRUST ME—ALL OF YOU—BECAUSE, SOMEHOW I'M GOING TO GET YOU FREE!

LORD, LETTETH NOW THY SERVANT DEPART IN PEACE...FOR MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THY SALVATION...

SOON...

I'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE, YOUR REVERENCE, TO CHANGE...

THANK YOU, JAILER!

SIR, CAN YOU *REALLY* HELP THEM ESCAPE?

I HAVE AN IDEA THAT MIGHT WORK—BUT IT'S AN OUTSIDE CHANCE! STAND AGAINST THE DOOR A MINUTE, JOHN...

DR. SYN MAKES A WAX IMPRESSION OF THE DUNGEON KEY...

I JUST HOPE THIS WORKS!

?

LET'S GO HOME, JOHN... YOU'LL SEE SOON ENOUGH *WHAT* I HAVE IN MIND...

AND LATER, IN DR. SYN'S STUDY...

WELL, HERE YOU ARE, SIR! BUT JUST WHAT *IS* THE PLAN?

THE SCARECROW WILL TELL YOU TONIGHT! NOW, ALERT OUR MEN TO MEET AT FIVE-MILE BARN AT TEN O'CLOCK SHARP!

THAT NIGHT...

THERE'S A CHANGE OF PLANS FOR THE SHIPMENT DUE FROM HOLLAND TOMORROW NIGHT! WE WILL NOT TAKE THE CARGO; WE WILL *TAKE THE SHIP!*

WHAT??

I HAVE *EXPORT* NOT IMPORT BUSINESS TO TRANSACT THIS TIME! FROM DOVER! THERE ARE PRISONERS IN THE CASTLE WHO HAVE ASKED MY HELP—AND I INTEND TO RELEASE THEM!

RELEASE THEM, SCARECROW? HOW?

TWELVE MEN WILL BOARD THE DUTCHMAN'S SHIP AND SAIL HER TO ST. MARGARET'S BAY! HEAVE TO THERE AND BRING TWO BOATS ASHORE! SIX OTHERS WILL REPORT TO HELLSPITE—MASKED—NINE O'CLOCK AT DYMCHURCH GRAVEYARD!

BEN—SAM—YOU WILL BE REQUIRED TO ENTER THE CASTLE JAIL... YOU WILL BE LED BY THE VICAR OF DYMCHURCH — DR. SYN!

THE VICAR ????

HE AND THE SQUIRE'S SON, JOHN, ARE UNDER MY ORDERS! I HAVE PROOF THEY GAVE SHELTER TO A DESERTER! SHOULD THEY REFUSE TO HELP, *THEY WOULD HANG!*

THE NEXT NIGHT HELLSPITE CARRIES OUT THE SCARECROW'S ORDERS...

WHO—WHO ARE THESE MEN?

NEVER MIND THAT— ALL OF YOU...JUST FOLLOW ME!

THE MASKED GROUP HEAD TO MRS. WAGGETT'S INN...

WAGGETT'S INN

PUT THIS ON, YOUNG MASTER! DO AS I SAY *...NOW!*

THE MASKED MEN BURST INTO THE INN AND SET UPON THE PRESS-GANG...

OFF WITH THEIR UNIFORMS, MATES! AND DON'T TEAR THEM! THEN TIE THE BUZZARDS UP!

NO YOU DON'T, MATEY! THAT UNIFORM IS *MINE!*

LATER, AT DOVER CASTLE, WITH DR. SYN LEADING THE IMPOSTORS...

HALT!

PHILIP BRACKENBURY RECOGNIZES DR. SYN...

NAVAL PICKET FOR THE PRESSED MEN IN THE JAIL, SIR...

BRACKENBURY... HE RECOGNIZES US! NOW WE'LL SEE IF HIS LOVE FOR KATE AND FREEDOM WILL MAKE HIM OUR ALLY!

AND PHILIP MAKES AN IMPORTANT DECISION... ONE DR. SYN ANTICIPATED...

I'LL ESCORT THEM TO THE DUNGEON...

PHILIP LEADS THE IMPOSTORS ACROSS THE YARD...

YOU WAIT OUTSIDE THE GATE, POWDER-MONKEY!

YES, SIR!

INSIDE THE CASTLE...

WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO, SIR?

RELEASE THE PRISONERS ..FROM INJUSTICE AND TORTURE! ISN'T THAT WHAT *YOU* WANT? CHOOSE NOW, PHILIP... OR ARE YOU A SOLDIER BEFORE YOU'RE A MAN?

IF YOU'RE WILLING TO RISK *YOUR* NECK—I AM, TOO—BUT HOW WILL YOU OPEN THE DUNGEON?

I HAVE A KEY!

BELOW, THE GROUP SLIP QUIETLY PAST THE JAILERS' QUARTERS...

THIS *HAS* TO WORK!

AH... PERFECT!

WE STILL HAVE A WAYS TO GO... WILL YOU BE STRONG ENOUGH? CAN YOU WALK?

IF IT KILLS ME, DOCTOR... I'LL WALK!

WE'LL MAKE IT!

QUIETLY, HARDLY DARING TO BREATHE, THE TENSE GROUP OF MEN STEAL BACK DOWN THE CORRIDOR PAST THE JAILERS' QUARTERS...

WE'RE ALMOST THERE!

THE PRISONERS HAVE ALMOST REACHED FREEDOM, WHEN SUDDENLY...

HALT!

GENERAL PUGH!

LEAVE THIS TO ME, DOCTOR!

THE NAVAL PICKET FOR THE PRESSED MEN, SIR!

HMM...

THE GENERAL LOOKS THE MEN OVER...

STRAIGHTEN UP, YOU MANGY DOGS! YOU'RE IN THE KING'S SERVICE NOW! QUICK! MARCH!

THE ORDEAL IS OVER... THE PLAN WORKED...

MARCH, MEN! STEP LIVELY!

IN SIR THOMAS BANKS' STUDY, A SHORT TIME LATER...

WHAT THE DEVIL...??

QUIET AND EASY NOW, SQUIRE! THE SCARECROW WANTS YOU AND YOUR DAUGHTER...COME QUIET... AND YOU'LL NOT BE HARMED!

SHORTLY, AT A SECLUDED COVE OFF ST. MARGARET'S BAY...

GREETINGS, SIR THOMAS!

WHAT IS THE PURPOSE OF THIS OUTRAGE?

THE SCARECROW! IT'S HIM!

AND JOHN? WHAT ARE *YOU* DOING HERE, BOY? AND IN THAT OUTFIT?

THEY FORCED ME, FATHER... EVEN DR. SYN HAD TO OBEY THE SCARECROW!

YOU'LL THANK ME BEFORE THE NIGHT'S OVER, SQUIRE! LOOK HERE...

HARRY! *YOU'RE FREE!* KATE—IT'S YOUR BROTHER, HARRY...

I'M FREE, THANKS TO THE SCARECROW, FATHER...AND AN OFFICER IN THE CASTLE, MR. BRACKENBURY...

PHILIP ???

AYE, HE RISKED HIS LIFE FOR ME... FOR ALL OF THE PRISONERS! WE'RE GOING TO HOLLAND NOW...AND THEN WE'LL BOARD A SHIP FOR AMERICA! I'LL WRITE TO YOU, FATHER...KATE...

OH, HARRY ...SUCH A SHORT TIME...

TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF ...ALL OF YOU!

GOOD LUCK, SON!

TO A NEW LIFE, GENTLEMEN! TO THE NEW WORLD, AND FREEDOM VERY SOON! BON VOYAGE!

THE LONG BOATS DEPART AS THE GROUP ON SHORE WAVES A SAD FAREWELL...

HEEE-HA-HA-HA-HA-HAEEE!

AT THE CASTLE, GENERAL PUGH HAS LEARNED OF THE ESCAPE...

AND YOU SUSPECTED NOTHING, WHEN YOU TOOK THE PICKET TO THE DUNGEONS?

I HAD NO REASON TO, SIR! THEIR PAPERS WERE IN ORDER...

YOU, FOOL! RIGHT UNDER YOUR VERY NOSE... WHY, I'LL HAVE YOU...

YOU WERE AT THE GATE, SIR, WHEN THEY MARCHED OUT! *YOU SAW THEM, TOO!* IT'S ALL IN MY REPORT...

ME? IN YOUR REPORT...?

YES, SIR! I SENT A COPY TO THE ADMIRAL, TOO... AND TO THE DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC PROSECUTIONS...

THANK YOU, MR. BRACKENBURY... THAT WAS VERY THOROUGH OF YOU!

I'M RUINED!

MY DUTY, SIR! THINK NOTHING OF IT!

LATER...

MAYBE WE'LL SEE HARRY SOONER THAN YOU THINK... I'M RESIGNING MY COMMISSION... I CAN'T STAY IN THE ARMY AFTER THIS!

LET'S DRINK TO THE YOUNG PEOPLE... PHILIP IS A FINE LAD FOR KATE, SIR THOMAS!

YES... YES, I'LL DRINK TO THEM... AND WISH THEM MY BLESSINGS!

AND A TOAST TO THE SCARECROW FELLOW... *WHO-EVER* AND WHERE-EVER HE MIGHT BE —THE ROGUE!

...AND THE LEGEND OF THE SCARECROW STILL LIVES...

HEE-HEE-HA-HAEEE!

"WITH HIS CLOTHES ALL TORN AND TATTERED,
THROUGH THE BLACK OF NIGHT HE'D RIDE;
FROM THE MARSH TO THE COAST LIKE A DEMON GHOST,
HE'D ROB THE RICH THEN HIDE;
AND HE'D LAUGH TILL HE SPLIT HIS SIDE."

the END

KEYS OF KNOWLEDGE

WILD ANIMALS of NORTH AMERICA

NUMBER 10

THE PORCUPINE

This is one of a series of information features in Gold Key Comics. Collect the whole series for useful knowledge.

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The Porcupine is provided with an unusual defense. Quills cover his body and tail, and are a deterrent to likely enemies.

When attacked, the Porcupine strikes with its tail to imbed quills in its foe. These can bring death to a dog, or wild animal.

Porcupines feed upon plants and the bark of trees. If too many trees are cut down, these animals will gradually disappear.

Weighing about forty pounds, with a length of three feet, including a six inch tail, they build their nests in trees and dens.

Porcupine's worst enemy is the Fisher, who pursues them on the ground and branches of trees. Seldom can they outwit this foe.

THE SCARECROW PIN-UP